

Title: Chaos

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Waves Crash Against the Shore

Waves crash against
the shore,
Spray flies up, no
pattern and no form.
Can we impose
order on the spray?
Can we force it into
columns, into rows?
Nature is,
For Nature knows.
And like the spray,
how can we see
Our right it be to bind
the soul?
So like the spray,
Forged by all that it
has known.
Indeed how can we
presume, or dare,
To place in iron
shackles this golden
thing?
To tear with swords
We call the "Law"
at it's gossamer
wings?
Nature knew that this
was not
How it was meant to
be.
But we are blind, have
gone astray,
And must return to
watch the sea.

Tearing At Divinity
It has been said so

many times,
From nobles down to
peasant grimes,
That to love
Is to be Divine.

And those who speak,
Continue on,
To say that since Love
is divine, you know,
Forgiveness is indeed
more so.

But I'm afraid I must
contend
This point that leads
to grisly ends.

For to love is to be
weak,
for if you love the
slow or meek,
they can be taken
from your arms

By those who seek to
do you harm.

And Forgiveness, you
say, is divine?
Surely you have had
too much wine.

Forgiveness means
that you are lax,
Rewarded with steel
in your back,
or perhaps theft
within the night, or
poisoned drink, in
broad daylight.

Love steals your
armour for the foe
Those who forgive,
To hell they go.

CHAOS THEORY

[by Annihilus]

We are anarchists,
Our souls black pits.
Like dark angels
fallen from the light,
Not truly evul, but
shunning that which
is bright.

We are creatures of
the shadows,
Not in the light, not
completely consumed
by darkness.

And so we are,
creatures of two
worlds,

Walking with life,
flying like death
birds.

We tread against the
popular flow, Our
world is Chaos, and we
take it blow by blow.

In a place where
order, structure, and
society reside,
You will find us
there, not content to
abide.

There are those of
order, foul and fell,
Who would seek to
deny our right to
rebel.

They sit in their
towers, rich and fat,
their workers backs
sore from lashes,
While we cry our
elation in bloody
clashes.

We are anarchists,
We are your sons and
daughters,
Neither foul nor fair,
Truth be told, we just
wish the world would
care.

In our lies we hide the
subtlest of truths,
We died young, feeling
invincible in our
youth.